THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIEGNCE

We are Ambassadors for Christ....Be ye reconciled to God.

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The Christian Ambassador.

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors.

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Original.

LOVE.

BY REV. T. P. ABELL.

If the love of man, in its true and exalted sense, is the fulfilment of a prominent law of Christianity, it is also the fulfilment of a prominent requisition of that law which the finger of God has engraved upon the human heart. Christ's spiritual system and man's moral constitution are not antagonistic. The adaptation of the lessons of the one to the susceptibilities of the other is as complete as it is self apparent. No native or essential oppositions obtain between them. The great principle of harmony reigns here, as well as in all the other works and arrangements of divine wisdom.

It is possible to conceive of a plan distinguished by the universal inadaptation of means to ends. It is possible to conceive of a particular law as being so constituted, or of its subject as being so constituted, as that the law shall be completely futile for the accomplishment of the particular object for which it was designed,—as being in all its aspects and bearings, utterly foreign to the heart for which it was enacted. Between the agent and the subject there may exist no congeniality of principle or organization which shall render the one naturally authoritative, or the other intuitively loyal. But in such a case there can be, on the one hand, no genuine legitimateness of action, and on the other, no spontaneity of submission. There may be great arbitrary force—there may be much apparent acquiescence; it is the force of an unnatural tyranny—it is the acquiescence of smothered rebellion. That which imparts a pleasing and acceptable authority to one, and the cheerfulness of a willing homage to the other, is wanting; and the absence of the adaptation indispensable to success, gives to the experiment the character of unmitigated foolishness.

Abounding theological vagaries would seem to intimate otherwise, but, in truth, no such incongruity is discoverable in the divine legislation. The solemn and imperative enactments of the Gospel, are the enactments of Him by whom man was "fearfully and wonderfully made," and who could not therefore fail in effecting the proper adjustment of the law to the capabilities of the subject. And when God bids man to love his brother, he speaks as "one having authority," not more from the cherished conceptions of the divine character on the part of man, than from the fact that He addresses a being whose heart has ready intuitions of its duty, and inborn convictions of its ability to comply. The outward injunction to love, is anticipated and sanctioned by an inward impulse. Compliance is practicable, for the tendency exists as a constituent principle of the moral nature. Love is the element and condition of the soul's true life. It cannot gather up and confine its affections within itself. It cannot so pervert the misapprehended virtue of self-denial into the most palpable and unnatural vice. Such a restriction were a negation of the nobler attributes of the spiritual being. An unloving soul is the veriest contradiction of terms claiming a place among the categories of absurdity. Love is a property and necessity of our nature. It is as essential to a man's real self, as his intelligence or will. It is that moral property which throws a sacredness over all others that distinguish him; it is that innate necessity that yields him his highest dignity as a creature of reason—as a child of God.

That which lies thus native in the human heart, Christianity would quicken into a larger life. It provides for the natural and healthful exercise of the affectional tendencies of our nature. It calls us forth with a brother's heart to toil for a brother's good. The promptings of love are its highest incentives. The labor of love is its grandest endeavor. Its standing exhortation is the entreaty of kindness:—"Beloved, let us love one another."

The practical harmony and beauty resulting from the conformity of the conduct with the outward law of Christ and the inner law of our nature, is the truest verification of the apostolic announcement:—"Every one that loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God."

Middletown, Conn.

Original.

PROFANITY.

BY M. MORTON.

Br. Editors:—In a former number of your paper, I ventured a few remarks upon the subject of *Profanity*, designed to present before the mind of the reader, the most probable cause, or origin of this grossly sinful habit, as indulged in by those among the nations of the Earth, who nominally, if not otherwise; profess the christian name.

That it had its origin under the influence of false doctrines in the christian church, is a fact, which I think will be disputed by none. The single circumstance as I then remarked of exemption from the sin, on the part of Heathen nations, is in itself, evidence sufficient for its establishment before all people. Yet still if any perchance should be disposed to cavil over the claimed establishment of this fact, I have but to refer them to the moral character of the result itself, as irrefutable proof of its truthfulness. The pure and healthful doctrines of christianity, could never, through their legitimate exercise, beget such a foul-visaged, disgusting piece of deformity, as this practice presents; whereas it comes before us, bearing upon its every feature that characteristic impress, which stamps it at once a child proceeding direct from the father of lies himself. It was indeed begotten in falsehood, and its daily nourishment is the bread of pernicious error; while its strengh is but put forth in efforts to throw blasting, and mildew upon every thing virtuous, and noble, and fair in the human character;—to steep the soul even in the moral stench of its own guilty blasphemies. Particularly, such are its results, if not its aims; and with its works before us, I think none will perseveringly deny, or even doubt that its origin lieth where I have placed it. Even in doctrines put forth by the professed disciples of Jesus, externally clothed in the sacred vestments of his holy religion, but themselves ministers of evil, and their mission but to build up, strengthen and establish their depraved parent's kingdom. And it is certainly no wonder that blasphemous profanaties with their legion train of moral obliquities should abound in the nominally christian world, when the popular church proclaims the doctrines of total depravity, conditional, or unconditional elec-

tion by decree of God; of the *few* to an inheritance of everlasting joy, and the *many*, to one of like duration of unspeakable torments;—of a heaven where the child shall exult over the miseries of an earthly-loved father or mother, as he sees them tossed on the surging billows of a fiery hell; or a once loving father, or fond mother perchance, raising higher and loftier notes in praise of the *justice* of God, while they witness the agonies, and know them to be eternal, of their beautiful baby-boy, whose term of sin upon earth passed with perhaps the warning of two, or six, or may be ten, summers sun's; and then passed into that horrid place for punishment.

But I forbear! It might even be wondered I ween that instead of their being what there is of this vice of profanity in the world; that there is not ten times the amount that is now in practice. Christians indeed; who have been born by the decree of God into his Kingdom here on earth, in giving heed to the command to be like their God; to love what he loves, and *hate* what he *hates*; with such doctrines before them as his truth; may with propriety accustom their mouths to the utterance of denunciations of damnation, and curses dire upon the heads of their rebrobate neighbors; and they again may hurl them back with blasphemous oaths of accompaniment, and feel themselves justified, for they have but acted out the nature of beings totally depraved, or destitute of every principle of love, and moral holiness. Or they may say, "The foreknowledge of God respecting our destiny from the beginning has effectually closed up the gates of paradise to our entrance, and results to us cannot be the worse, though we measure back to these Christians, the measure of their curses upon us. In fact, I recollect once to have heard it from the mouth of a believer in these doctrines: "That he had made up his mind fully to the idea of his being one of the *lost;* and consequently, felt himself loosed from all restraints of a moral character, for, says he: 'Woise cannot come, let me do what I will;' and he could in reality hurl his oaths and curses with a loosened tongue, at, and upon all, who in any way crossed his path. He had learned the language of cursing and hate from professed Christianity itself. He had been made to believe from its teachings the horrid nature of his own doom, and in *bitterness* and *spite*, as the legitimate results, he could blaspheme the God of Christianity, as also heap cursing and damnation upon the heads of the objects of his partial favor."

I will here briefly relate a circumstance, that a few years since came under my observation, calculated to throw up, in strong light, the revulsive power of these results of false doctrine, upon the Bible, and that system of revelated truth which it contains. The manifestation, though made in silence, was so stringent and marked, that it made an indelible impression upon my mind, of the sinfulness and responsibility of those who indulge in habits of profanity.

I chanced at the time, to be in a neighboring town to that in which I resided, and having occasion to step in for a few moments to a public house, my ears were saluted as I opened the door, with the rather loud sounding efforts of an individual, to repeat what he claimed to be, the language of another in the rehersal of a story. Yet so illy supported were his pretensions to a mere recital, by his manner, that it was easy to discover that however true it might have been, that the story itself was another's, his language, or forms of expression were all his own. And such forms of expression for blasphemous profanity, never before, or since, in such moultitudinous profusion, have thrown out their pollutions upon the atmosphere, in my hearing. With the story related, I have here nothing to do, but with an incident connected with its relation. The narrator had come to about the midst of his rehearsal, when there came in a professional individual of some considerable influence in the community, yet who openly professed, and was extensively known as a decided *Infidel*. He opened the door, and as the oaths, imprecations, and blasphemous profanities of the name of God struck his ears, and coming too, from that man, (he was a liberally educated son of an orthodox clergyman) he hardly stopped to close the door, but walked slowly forward a few steps and remained standing, gazing in evident speechless astonishment, at the man's inconsistent and wickedly abusive use of the name of the being whom he himself believed to be the supreme ruler and governor of the Universe. But soon his look of astonishment gave place to one of most unspeakable contempt: and never shall I forget that expression of unuterable scorn and loathing which he cast upon the profane blasphemer, as he turned upon his hee- and left the room. Ah! thinks I to myself, was the emphatic reproach of that look of the professed infidel, designed simply for the individual who in person received it? or was it intended to reach Christianity itself, as illustrated by this conduct of the son of one of its professed expounders? Certainly, me-thought, the weapons of bold infidelity have been sharpened and the faith of its professor nerved and strengthened, to wield them, perhaps, with more effective power.

Oh the blindness, the folly and wickedness, of the nominally professing christian swearer. All the excuse to be found for him, as existing in the influence of false doctrines, cannot be made effectually available, for all his reasoning faculties are against them in this respect, and consequently the most perfectly habituated profane swearer will at once, in his candid moments, acknowledge his folly as well as the expressive balefulness of the degrading habit.

But, ere I close, I must be allowed to address a few more remarks, especially to Universalists, upon this subject. Think for a moment, brethren, of the inconsistencies, and consequently more aggravated sins, that gather upon your character before the world, when you allow yourselves to swear profanely, and in God's name invoke fearful curses upon those, whom your faith teaches you to recognize as brethren, having claims upon you for good, rather than evil. Our faith presents God to our souls as the universal Father, and friend of man. A being whose benificence, loving kindness, and mercy partake of the attributes of infinity, in their exercise and duration, embracing as their objects every rational child of his creation. And, furthermore, it opens up before the mind, a vision of Heavenly glory in the final ingathering of the entire race, saved from sin and all uncleanness, into those blissful habitations which his love prepared even before he laid the foundations of the world. Yes, brother Universalist, think over the leading articles of your faith; of God as your loving Father, and man as your brother; and then, if you can, irreverently profane the hallowed name of the one, and invoke bitter curses upon the other. The words would choke in your throat before they had obtained utterance; else were your profession a sounding brass, your faith a tinkling cymbal; and the revolting sentiment of total depravity an echo of heaven's own wisdom.

Brother Universalist, think for a moment of that reasonable hope for the regeneration of the world, through the prevalence of the noble doctrines of your faith, and then, as the spirit of philanthropy stirs within you, and the thought accumulates in power; swear, yea swear profanely; abuse the name of your heavenly Father, by making it a tool for giving emphasis to the ribald jest; or giving strength to your imprecations of evil upon your fellows; be a means for hastening the desired consummation—if *you can*.

Nay, Brother, you cannot do it! And have you allowed it, or are you still indulging in the soul-degrading vice of profanity; think, yes for a moment at least, think what a strong impediment it is in the way of the advancement of the triumphs of a most glorious faith. Think, O think of him who meekly and loving breathed out his life on Calvary, to save man from evil; and of that disciple, also, who inconsistently and wickedly curs-

od and swore in denial of him before his accusers; and f our irreverent use of the name of the sufferer, and o f his who dedicated his only son to this mission-work o f mercy, shall stand rebuked in your own conscience more effectively than it can be done by words of mine; and those scalding tears of penitence, which so liberally poured themselves out upon sorrowing Peter's cheeks, shall provoke a like acceptable flow of those penitential dew-drops from your own fountains.

I would be in earnest, brethren, upon this subject, for well I know, that so far as it exists to such an extent, in any of our societies, as to give, under the force of circumstances a tone of moral character to them; all hope of progress to that society, so long as the evil continues, must of necessity, be built upon a sandy foundation. And it will inevitably be swept away before the rushing flood of popular prejudice and bigotry.

Brethren, let me exhort again; think of these things; and may God in mercy save from the evil, by giving a *praeticul* conviction of the right.

Ashfield, July 1848.

Original.

SONG OF THE POET.

BY WILLIAM HUNT.

The sun fast sinking o'er yon distant hill,
Shed on the earth his beams of golden light:
The flowers were closing with instinctive skill,
That shone erewhile so beautiful and bright;
The winds were hushed, and leaf was still
And seemed to welcome the approaching night;
Nature seemed loveliest, half her charms concealing:
O! was not that the hour for thought and feeling?

Under an oak, an aged Poet sat,
His broad, high forehead, wrinkled, pale, and bare.
I looked upon him, but he knew it not;
And as he gazed into the vacant air,
His being seemed a disembodied thought,
That held communion with things afar;
I've long believed, though some may think it vain;
That spirits yet converse with holy men.

I stood transfixed, and wondering, watched him long;
He still unconscious of my presence near:
Until at length, what seemed an evening song,
Burst from his lips in accents loud and clear;
Methinks that voice might charm a listening throng;
Would that some hardened skeptic had been there;
And as my ears drank in the closing strain,
My faithful memory gives it back again.

Original.

THE BENEFACTORS OF OUR RACE.

BY REV. G. COLLINS.

By many, those only are regarded as the benefactors of our race, who devote their time, talents and acquisitions to the promulgation of some theological system, and in the language of the world, are successful in saving souls from perdition. But while we are far from impeaching the sincerity of these men, and are willing to give them all due praise, yet we do not consider them entitled to much honor. For we believe that the inventor of the printing press has done more towards promoting God's declarative glory, than all the advocates of error, who have troubled the world with their gloomy creeds. We believe that Bacon, by delivering the human mind from the bondage of scholastic rules, has done more for Christianity than Wesley, Calvin and St. Augustine. We believe that the humble christian, whose income is scarcely sufficient to supply his daily wants, but whose soul is full of reverence and love for God and man—who beneath the jeweled crown and purple robe, can see nothing more than a man, and yet who can see nothing less than a man in the most degraded specimens of humanity—who in affliction is resigned and in sorrow submissive, who always speaks kindly to offenders and is ever ready to encourage returning prodigals—we say, we believe that such an individual is doing far more good than many who occupy prominent stations in the religious world, and are making loud professions of godliness. The following seems to corroborate our sentiments: "And he looked up and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury. And he saw, also, a certain poor widow, casting in thither two mites. And he said, of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all, for all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had." Beautiful and eloquent is Livermore's comment on this. "The wonders of power and art have been wrapped in oblivion, kings and kingdoms have lost their local habitation and name on earth, but the incense of that lowly, widowed heart has been wafted on the breath of ages, and diffused through the world—speaking emblem of the fruitful energies of the humble deed of goodness, and of its unfading record on the book of heaven." Such a mite will weigh more in the scale of heaven than the rich man's *millions*.

Hudson, N. Y.

Original.

THE DYING CLERGYMAN.

A SKETCH.

BY LAURA EGGLESTON.

'Twas a fine balmy evening.

"Sister," said the young gifted bard of ——, to a fair-haired girl of sixteen, who was busily engaged with some materials for Drawing, "will you dispense with your favorite pursuit, and accompany me to the old Manse, to see poor Theodore again. The Song is completed; and we must sing it to him as I promised. His worldly trials will soon be over, and his noble mind find a glorious home in the golden courts of the banded Seraphim!"

"Oh, say not so, dear William; my too sensitive friend, the gentle Flora, would, I fear, sink beneath the heavy arm of affliction. She loves her excellent brother, so devotedly. Yet she is a Christian; and must anticipate the fatal result."

"I will go, and procure a basket of Oranges and Limes for Theodore," said William, leaving the parlor.

Emma laid aside her Drawing, and taking up her bonnet, joined her brother at the portal. A short walk of a few minutes, brought them to the cidevant Manse. It was the abode of peace, beauty and rural elegance. The casements were wreathed with the emerald vines of Flora, glowing with clusters of flowers, most brilliant in hues, and variegated with colors. The spirit-stirring plumes of the humming-bird, made lively music over the purple bells of the Ipomea, and the sweet little bee was feeding on the golden chalice of the day lily. The scene was gloriously beautiful. The setting sun was gilding with gorgeous brilliancy the sapphire vaults of eve. The luxuriant landscape, the umbrageous grove, and the meandering river, wore a golden charm like that of fabled El-Dorado. William and Emma were met at the front door by a domestic, who quietly led the way to the sick chamber. Theodore was asleep. He lay on a couch near the half-shaded casement, through which the austral breezes stole gently, playing with the tassels pendant from the crimson hangings; and ever and anon sweeping over his pale, lofty brow. His form was wasted by lingering consumption; and he seemed on the verge of the tomb. His features wore a calm serenity, yet his respiration was

difficult, and a copious moisture was on his face. William motioned the maid to be silent, and softly advanced to the bed-side, while Emma sat down on the lounge. Suddenly a brilliant ray of the declining sun darted through the crimson curtain, and fell on the bosom of the suffering sleeper, and lingering a moment, faded away.

"Flora," he murmured, and awoke, and raising his head, he beheld his friend and classmate standing by his pillow. He extended his emaciated hand, exclaiming in a low, cheerful tone: "Welcome, William. Is the Song composed?" On being answered in the affirmative, he said, "I must hear it chanted when Flora comes from the green-house, where I have sent her in quest of a Cluster Rose from my favorite bush—the same bush my sainted mother brought from France; the fine, sunny land, where she sought in vain the boon of health. And I, dear William, had intended to make a tour thither; but God has decreed otherwise. I must soon depart. The heavenly mansion is prepared. My Divine Master calls, and I shall cheerfully obey the summons. Poor Flora! were it not for her, to die would be preferable to live. I pine for the palace of my heavenly Father, and the glorious society of the shining millions.'

Softly the door was opened, and the lily-like form of Flora entered, bearing in her hand a most beautiful Rose, which she presented to her brother. She glanced at him tearfully, as he gratefully received the fragrant gift.

"Come, my friends," said Theodore, make my chamber vocal once more with sacred melody."

William and Emma, obeying the behest, sang the following song:

Spirit! arise, arise,
To Life's fair isle:
Thy Father's Paradise,
Where angels smile.

Resign all fleeting things,
Where mortals weep:
And the death angel's wings
O'er *all* must sweep.

Thy glorious Savior trod,
The sombre way;
He rose, and reigns with God,
In endless day!

Arise, on Faith's broad plume,
Thy guard behold,—
The banded Seraphim,
With wings of gold!

List! spirit, 'tis the strain,
Of the pure band,
That o'er thy pillow fain
Floats sweet and bland.

In melody's deep sea,
O! bathe thy wings
Drink Immortality's
Free, crystal springs.

In Heaven's sublime saloon,
Where spirits meet,
Inhale the glorious boon,
Of bliss complete!

Where brrght celestials sing
Supernal strains;
And harps of flame do ring.
O'er golden plains.

Ere the song was concluded, a low sigh escaped the pale lips of the dying clergyman. The Vocalists suddenly ceased, on beholding his growing lifelessness. William bent over his pillow, and closed his eyes in their last dreamless sleep. Flora sank by his side and fainted, as she fondly clasped his cold hand. William bore her in a state of unconsciousness to another apartment, but she soon revived and became composed, as the tender, sympathizing Emma mingled her tears with those of her afflicted friend. * * * * *

Benevolence—There is far more satisfaction in doing than receiving good. To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man can be capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence; and is attended with a heavenly pleasure, unknown but to those who are beneficent and liberal.

☞A Chinese, who professed to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, was asked, "What is now the state of your heart?" He replied, "Formerly my mind was smoky: now I enjoy some light. Formerly it was like a boisterous sea; now it is calm. Formerly I loved myself; now I love everybody."

Original.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

Died.—On Friday, July 21st, in Easton, Penn., William, only child of Br. Heman and Amelia Burr, of that Borough, aged about two years.

The funeral was attended on the Sunday following by a very large concourse of neighbors and friends, and the consolations of the Gospel tendered to the bereaved parents and friends, at the Universalist Church, by the Rev, Mr. Harpel of the Lutheran Denomination. Text Mark x: 14: "Suffer the little children to come unto me," &c.

It is but just here to state, that the Rev. Mr. H. acquitted himself on this mournful occasion as a gentleman and a Christian, setting an example to some other Orthodox Clergymen, worthy of their imitation. Four of the other *clergymen!* in Easton were first called on and respectfully solicited to preach the funeral Sermon, some of whom promptly refused, while the rest excused themselves by prior engagements, none of which were believed valid, except Rev. Mr. Mason, (Methodist,) who it is believed, would have accepted the invitation, had it been possible for him.

Mr. Harpel resides in the outskirts of the borough and has no congregation here, nor seldom, if ever, preached in town before. He is a German preacher, and has several Societies in the country of this vicinity, the nearest of his Churches being five miles off. He is a very liberal man and popular preacher, and speaks the English language well. Br. Burr, also, not long since, preached a funeral sermon in one of Mr. Harpel's Churches, when he (Mr. H.) was otherwise engaged, which was well received and gave great satisfaction to all concerned, that heard him. Indeed, both these funeral discourses were exceedingly well-timed and unexceptionable, and the preachers steered, with surprising skill, clear of any sectarism. Yours in Gospel Faith, C. H. W.

Easton, Aug. 1, 1848.

Original.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

Messrs. Editors:—Will you suffer me to occupy a brief space in your columns, to address a word to your readers in relation to our denominational work bearing the above name?

The Ladies' Repository has been now more than sixteen years in existence; and has always spoken for the views which as christians we cherish, with a true, and unfaltering voice, laboring to inculcate in the female mind, especially, the religion of purity, cheerfulness and love, and always breathing a spirit calculated to give dignity and substantiality to female character, as well as through a knowledge of Divine Truth, to yield support and resignation to the soul under the reverses and sorrows incident to mortality. For many years latterly, and now, under the same editorial charge, with a goodly array of excellent talent and taste, in its various contributors, it has been settling, more and more, into a character of *solidity*, and enduring usefulness, which entitles it to rank with the most profitable periodicals of the day; and it should, therefore, be an invited and welcome visitor to every family; and especially to every female in our denomination; and, indeed, to thousands of the community at large. And yet, there are probably but few of the ephemeral or butterfly monthlies of the-day, that do not circulate almost *hundreds* for its tens, and that at much higher cost! works too, that do not substantially improve the mind, but create a morbid desire for the unreal, and hence unsatisfying, which warps the mind insensibly into a sickly sentimentalism; leaving woman to chase the gilded butterflies of fiction, rather than to pursu

and enjoy the great realities of life. Ought not the Universalist denomination, and especially the female portion thereof, to see to it that a support and encouragement is given to *their own monthly*, in some degree in accordance with the important position it occupies, and the work it aims to accomplish? We commend this question to their especial and candid consideration; and for the sake of the cause, and the publisher, we hope the response will be a very large accession to the subscription list of the Ladies' Repository; and I know our friend Tompkins will take peculiar pleasure in recording the names of all new patrons, and laboring to furnish an abundant equivalent for their money, in the increased usefulness of the work.

New London, Ct., Aug., 1848.

INTERNAL EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

I may say, wherever I open the Christian volume, I find some direction, which, if properly observed, would render me a good neighbor, a good member of society, a good friend, and a good man, is it then possible for me to doubt the divine original of a system which furnishes such rules, and contemplates so glorious an object.

If the prohibitions of Jesus Christ were universally regarded, and his laws obeyed, what blessings would pour in on society! There would be no war among the nations of the earth. There would be no oppression. There would be neither tyrants nor slaves. Every ruler would be just; every artizan would be honest; every parent would be faithful to his charge; every child would be dutiful; the purest affections would recommend domestic life: and neighbors would be mutual blessings. Under the dominion of Christianity, envy, pride, and jealousy would give way to the most enlarged benevolence. Human nature would recover its dignity, and every man would reap the present reward of his own virtues.

From these facts others may draw their own conclusions; my inference is, that such a system of morals cannot be the work of human wisdom. That these laws originated with God, and that Jesus Christ was commissioned to promulgate them, appears to me a much more rational supposition. The more I inspect them, the less am I inclined to compliment human ingenuity with so glorious a production. If, then, I continue to believe thus in this age of refinement and free inquiry, it is because I am unable to resist the evidence arising from the transcendent excellency of the Christian precepts. I think it infinitely more probable, that they should be a communication from God, than that philosophy should justly claim the honor of the invention.—*Rev. John Clarke*, 1796.

Many who reject the claims and deny the miracles of of Jesus Christ, admit the moral excellency of his character. A greater inconsistency cannot be conceived!—what, is it no offence against the laws of morality to appeal to works never performed, and to pretend to the exercise of powers which never existed! Are deliberate falsehood, imposition, and hypocrisy to be erased from the catalogue of crimes? Is impiety no stain? To die with an obstinate and inflexible adherence to false pretensions, is there nothing immoral in such behavior? I confess I have very different views of right and wrong, and I feel a strong conviction that falsehood and deceit, for whatever purpose they may be employed, and to whatever end they may be directed, are to the last degree, criminal and disgraceful.

Yet this accusation must be brought against Jesus Christ, if he did no miracles, and was only a self-commissioned reformer. He certainly did profess to work miracles, and he did appeal to them as divine attestations to his sacred character. If he insisted that he was sent of God to enlighten and save mankind, he was careful to add, "The works which I do, they bear witness of me." I must therefore deny that he was that excellent person which some modern unbelievers profess to esteem him, or, I must admit the reality of those miracles to which he so often, and with so much solemnity, appealed. There is no other alternative. It cannot be, that he was a splendid pattern of pure and sublime morality, whilst his mission and supernatural powers were an artful pretence.—*Rev. John Clarke, Boston*, 1796.

WHICH IS RIGHT?

Modern Orthodoxy represents Christ's death as a sacrifice made to satiate the vengeance and placate the wrath of God. The Bible represents it as a *pledge* and plenary *evidence* of God's *love* to man.

Modern Orthodoxy represents the death of Christ as designed to reconcile *God to man*. The Bible represents it as designed to reconcile *man to God*.

Modern Orthodoxy represents God as dreadfully incensed and infinitely wrathful against his creature man, till he cooled his wrath by bathing his glittering sword of justice in the blood of his innocent Son. The Bible declares that "God so *loved* the world that he *gave* his only begotten Son," &c., and that *men* (not a wrathful God) "with wicked hands crucified and slew him."

Modern Orthodoxy represents Christ, the suffering victim of Almighty wrath, as the *very being* who was so incensed against him, on account of the wickedness of men as the being who *demanded* the sacrifice, and *offered* the sacrifice; who was so wrathful against *himself* as to take vengeance *on himself*—to placate *his own* wrath by absolutely *dying!* in order that he might live peaceably with himself! The Bible represents God as *One*, of one mind, immortal, and who therefore cannot die, immutable, without variableness or the shadow of turning, whose name, and whose very nature is *Love*.

Reader, which is right—modern Orthodoxy or the Bible?—*Magazine and Advocate.*

POPULAR EDUCATION IN ENGLAND AND U. STATES.

The following extract will illustrate the difference between the diffusion of popular education in England and the United States. To brutalize the masses, by stinting the value of their labor so as to unfit them to procure the means for their education, or to withhold the means in any other way, is a flagrant outrage. A man without common education at heart soon becomes vulgar-minded and vicious, and therefore an enemy to life, good character and property Every hour the better fits him for debauchery and crime. The most sanguinary laws ever enacted add nothing to the improvement of man. They may restrain him, through fear, against the commisssion of a felonious act; but he is ever fitted to perpetrate it when he believes he can escape without punishment. We wonder not at the long-wronged and injured masses demanding redress of such grievences, and in flying to arms to overthrow their oppressors.

"At the dedication of the Hancock School, in Boston, Mr. Mann stated as an interesting fact, that for the last ten years the expenditures of the city of Boston for schools, were equal to the whole expenditure for schools in England, by the Government, for 17,000,000 of people. They had kept pace with each other from year to year."—*Prisoner's Friend.*

☞ Plato considers the rational soul, as stationed in the brain, like a king residing in his castle; that being the most exalted part of the body and nearest heaven; guarded within and without by the senses, as so many sentinels, to report the least stir or commontion in our republic.

The baptismal admonition of the Hindoos is as impressive on the bystanders as it is beautiful;—"Little babe, thou enterest the world weeping, while all around you smiled; contrive so to live that you may depart in smiles, whilst all around you are weeping."

Education is one of the safeguards of a Republic.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

New-York:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE GOSPEL MISSIONARY.

On the 26th of this month, the subscribers of the Gospel Missionary, will have received the 13 numbers of our paper, to which they were entitled by the transfer. All who wish to become regular subscribers, are requested to give us notice before the issue of our 42d number. Post Masters, if requested, will give the notice, and send the money, without any charge. It will be seen by a reference to our terms, that the Messenger is $2, in advance, and the Ambassador $2,50, in advance. Attention to this request will save us expense and trouble.

We hope that all who have taken the Missionary, will become subscribers to one of our papers. Br. Palmer nas sunk a large sum of money by his earnest endeavors to aid our cause, and he has no chance of being saved from great loss, unless his subscribers take either the Messenger or the Ambassador. We give Br. Palmer a per cent. on all who take either of our papers. We ask, therefore, every person who desires one of them, to signify the same by forwarding the subscription to this office, before the 26th of this month.

Those in Philadelphia, who receive their papers by a carrier, can pay to the Agent, Br. James L. Gihon, 36 Market-st.

OPINION OF M. M. NOAH ON HELL.

The Orthodox Clergy labor to give the impression, that whenever the word Hell is used by the inspired writers, it denotes a place of endless misery. This they do, notwithstanding their most learned men have declared that the word in the Old Testament never has that signification. Their opinion of that part of the Bible, has the sanction of the modern Jewish Church. M. M. Noah, Esq., of this city, who is reputed to be a learned man, and who is known as a Jew, thus expresses the opinion of his brethren, in answer to the inquiries of a correspondent of his paper.

"JUSTIN.—This correspondent wishes to know whether there is, in the New or Old Testament, any place designated as hell, a place of eternal punishment. There is no such place mentioned in the Bible or the New Testament as a place where the wicked are to endure endless punishment by fire. It is declared in the New Testament, in Acts, Luke and Corinthians, that there shall be a resurrection of the just and unjust, and that in the resurrection state there shall be no death. There can be no punishment of hell in this. In the Bible, the valley of Ge Hinnom was supposed to mean hell because King Josiah desecrated this place, being the receptacle of the filth, rubbish and dead carcases of Jerusalem, and he kept fires continually burning in that valley, and hence the impression that this was the place where the impious were to be tormented forever. "Hell-fire" is indeed referred to frequently by Matthew; but as an eternal woe it is unknown to the Jewish or Christian doctrine. The word "hell" is not found in the Hebrew or Greek Scriptures, and is mistranslated in the English version. The sinner suffers a degree of punishment corresponding with his sins."

We are very willing to allow, that Mr. Noah is well qualified to judge in relation to the Old Testament. On the New Testament, we do not value his opinion. It was not written in his language, and he does not believe in its authority. The Savior, whose words Matthew records, addressed his language to those familiar with the Jewish Scriptures; and when he used their terms, he must have used them in the sense they did, unless he declared to the contrary. But he never so declared. Besides, in his day, the popular use of the word was the same as in the days of the prophets. Jesus, therefore, could not have used it to signify endless misery.

AN INTERESTING WORK.

MILITARY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION, AND A NARRATIVE OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. By Charles J. Peterson. William H. Leary, 158 N. Second-st., Philadelphia.

This is a work of great interest. It gives a concise and accurate account of the Revolutionary War, and a history of its principle heroes. It has eighteen elegant steel engravings, among which are likenesses of Washington, St. Clair, Baron Steuben, La Fayette, O. H. Williams, Thomas Sumpter, Arnold and Daniel Morgan. Besides these portraits, there are among the steel engravings, the Battles of Germantown, Guilford Court House, Eutaw Springs. Princeton, Trenton, Bunker Hill, Saratoga and several others. The work is also enriched by nearly two hundred wood engravings. Among these, are Washington's Head-Quarters at Brandywine, Valley Forge, Cambridge, Morristown, Newburg and Tappan; portraits of Patrick Henry, Sir Peter Parker, Lord Howe, Lord Cornwallis, General Greene, Commodore Jones, Robert Morris, General Montgomery, and various other men renowned in our history. We have also views of Forts, Battle-Grounds, Monuments, noted Dwellings, &c. &c.

The Biographies of the Heroes of the Revolution, render this work highly valuable. In them we see the men who fought our battles, their characters, the parts they acted, the courage they displayed, the sufferings and hardships they endured, and all the dangers and difficulties they encountered. Among these stands Arnold the traitor, brave as the bravest, energetic as the most fiery, quick to perceive and execute, and fearless in battle. For years, he is one of the master spirits of the Revolution; his career is full of romance, his exploits are the wonder of the nation, and his name is associated with deeds of daring that invest him with a mysterious glory. But he is ambitious, unprincipled, and loves fame more than his country. He has enemies, and he suffers wrong. At length, his impatient spirit becomes desperate and fired with revenge. His promotion is too slow, his elevation not equal to his insane thirst for honor. He becomes extravagant in his expenses; he lives like a prince, and his means are soon exhausted. In this condition, he forms the base design of betraying his country, and of sacrificing an army which his heroism had done so much to render dauntless and terrible in battle! But no sooner is his accursed design known, than his name, which is familiar in every mansion and cottage and hut in the land, and which in the minds of aged men and wondering youth, is associated with all that is daring, brave and energetic in war, becomes a hissing and a reproach; mild and gentle beings grate their teeth in anger whenever they think of him; his act is so base, that not one apologizes for him; and everywhere, Arnold, the brave, the heroic—the man of iron nerves and a lion-soul, becomes the traitor—the wretch who could sell his country—who could prove false to freedom and to Washington! But it is not only among those he has betrayed, that he is despised. Among those with whom he had bargained, he is an object of suspicion, distrust and contempt. He is Arnold, the *traitor!* Wherever he goes, he is shunned and hated! To escape from the odium which curses him, he flies to England, but still he is Arnold, the *traitor!* This is the brand which he wears—a brand deeply fixed upon his character, and still more deeply fixed upon his heart!

Sad as is the perfidy of Arnold, it is a cheering reflection to know, that he was the only traitor among all the Heroes of the Revolutionary War! He stands alone in his ruin and shame Washington, Warren, Putnam, Montgomery, La Fayette, Greene, and the others, all, all proved true; their names are encircled with a glory, which shines the brighter for its contrast with the solitary traitor! Christianity had its Judas, and the American Revolution its Arnold.

The above work contains about 500 octavo pages, is printed

n elegant paper, and is beautifully bound. Orders directed to ne Publisher, or to James L. Gihon, Philadelphia, will receive rompt attention. O. A. S.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH.

No. X.

June 10, 1848.

Leaving Sterling and hastening on through Falkirk, the scene of two hard-fought battles, which overlooks a broad extent of country, has a fine old Church "with honorable dead sleeping in its yard," but is, itself, a dirty town of narrow, crooked streets, where we spent but two hours; and whirling on to Linlithgow, where we saw the old ruined Palace, the room in which Queen Mary was born, the Church in which she was christened, the font which held the water, the place where the ghost appeared to James the IV., warning him of the fate that awaited him, the ruins of the Fountain whose numerous jets ran wine for twenty-four hours, on the occasion of the Royal visit of Charles, a fac simile of which now stands in the open street, and runs a pure element, of which, even plebeians may partake freely; the beautiful lake behind the palace, and the rusty old buildings. We arrived in the afternoon at Edinburgh, the grand and beautiful city of Great Britain.

It was a fine clear afternoon, and every thing appeared remarkably pleasant. As our time was short we busied ourselves at the most rapid rate, in going about the town. We first crossed one of the enormously high bridges which leads from the "old to the new town," the carriage way being as high as the *fifth* story of houses built on the ends of it. It should be remembered that these bridges, of which there are three, are built for the convenience of passengers, merely to save the descent and ascent through the deep dry valley which divide the two parts of the town. Reaching High-street, we went up to the Castle, built like Stirling, on the summit of a high rock, accessible only on one side. Here we were shown the celebrated crown and royal jewels of Scotland, which were kept secreted in a large oaken chest, still shown, and locked in a dark room for near a hundred years. At length Sir Walter Scott, with some others, was permitted, by act of Parliament, to open the room, force the chest and display the royal trinkets. They are still kept in the same small, dark room, in the top of the castle, which is lighted by gas. The crown, the sceptre, the sword of Bruce, the Treasurer's rod of office, and various other emblems of wealth and royal nonsense, studded with jewels of the finest kind, are shown through an iron grating, sparkling in their original splendor, but shut out from the light of heaven, as all other emblems of kings and despots will ere long be. I could not refrain from looking upon this display of a crown, which had the curse of so many wars, in which thousands and thousands of lives were lost, whole fields deluged in blood, as emblematic of a fate which in the future displays of God's justice awaits all the baubles of royalty.

Leaving the Castle, after taking a survey of the whole town, so admirably seen from that eminence, we descended High-st. examining various buildings on the way, and at length brought up at a rough old building, which jutted into the street, filling up half the carriage way. On looking at it and wondering why it was there, we saw a sign, which told us this was the house of John Knox. It stands in the most wretched, vile and dirty part of the city, compared to which the five points are very decent. *Query.* Has the pure Orthodoxy of this great man, which has reigned supreme here for more than three hundred years, sustained by the wealth the learning, and authority of Government, unrivaled and unhindered in its career, been productive of that high tone of moral purity, which is claimed by the advocates and admirers of his doctrines? I could not refrain from reflecting as I gazed upon the squalid wretchedness and saw the proofs of such depravity and irreligion, and stood looking at the old dwelling of that great and noble man, that there must be some radical defect in the sentiments he promulgated, and which, from his time to the present, have been most strictly adhered to as the only way to duty here, and happiness hereafter. Few Scotchmen believe there is any other way to heaven than that pointed out by John Knox. The "establishment" would denounce as the rankest heresy any opinion proved to be at variance with his. And the "True Church" is more tenacious still.

Winding our way, we crossed back to the "New Town," and ascended Calton Hill, taking a look as we passed, at the Stamp Office, Post Office, the monument to Herne, the Historian, and several others, the Jail, and Bridewell, the monument of Dugald Stewart, another to Playfair, the observatory, the unfinished "National monument,"—the *nationality* of Scotland needs a monument. We ascended to the top of Nelson's Monument, which rises some feet from the highest point on the hill. It is a huge affair which some one has compared to a tall "butter churn." We stood upon the top of it, surveying the splendid scenery all around us as the sun went down. The prospect was superbly grand. The whole town, the castle, the old palace, Anthony's seat, Leith, the Forth, the broad extent of country, and the Ochill Hills, the opening to the German Ocean, all was spread out not like a map before me, but in all its beautiful and magnificent reality. Descending, we went to the High School, and Burn's monument, and through several streets, retiring to rest long before dark.

Rose next morning at 4 o'clock, and started for Athen's seat, a steep high hill, which terminates in a peak over 800 feet above the level of water. The morning was beautiful, and the walk delightful. We have no such, green, varied, sequestered walks and lofty views, approachable in half an hour's walk, from any of our American towns. The little romantic city of Norwich, Ct., is most like it of any to which it can be compared. The clear atmosphere enabled us to have an excellent view of the town and surrounding country. We descended by the almost perpendicular declivity, and wound our way towards the town, under the bold and romantic Salisbury Crags, near the cottage of "Jennie Deane," and the vale so exquisitely described by Scott in his "Heart of Mid-Lothian." We visited the University buildings, and such other places, after which we called upon Mr. George Combe, and spent some time with him.

Mr. C. resides in a beautiful and retired part of the town, in a place and style worthy of a philosopher. Our conversation was upon various topics, but more upon the comparative advantages of America over Great Britain in respect to general knowledge, and moral and religious improvement. Mr. C. is a man of broad and liberal views, a warm and generous heart, pleasing in his manners, and very apt in conversation. He meets with great opposition in circulating his views, mostly from the Church. A Society, with a considerable amount of friends, and with distinguished men to patronize it, has been organized for the declared purpose of opposing Phrenology, Infidelity, and the Roman Catholics. Two or three books have already been produced against his works. He has the whole force of the Church against him and his doctrines; but he is able to sustain himself in a manner which commands the respect and fear of his enemies. He is doing good service in the great work of mental emancipation, and but for the hostility of the Church, which has ever opposed the spirit of Reforms, the prejudices of the people, and the expensiveness of books in

this country, he would work such a moral and social change as the world has rarely seen. But now he is hedged about with difficulties, and he makes but slow progress against the flood of difficulties he is doomed to encounter. His "Constitution of Man," and "Moral Philosophy," which are so popular and so common with us, are rarely seen among the common people out of Edinburgh and Glasgow, nor there as frequently as among the general readers in our country towns. Mr. C gave us a detailed account of the causes and progress of the disruption in the Scottish Kirk, connecting with it a very clear and philosophical view of the results of that movement, which I have not room here to relate.

A ride to Leith, which is, in fact a part of Edinburgh, being now connected by one or two streets well built up; the inspection of various places of interest, especially the Holyrood House, the royal residence of Mary and other monarchs of Scotland. It stands now much as it did in the days of the unfortunate Queen. Many of the large rooms retain the furniture and pictures by the old masters—mostly portraits, which were put there by her orders. There is shown her bed, with the old drapery around it, in a tapestried room, and there the chairs, tables, work-stands and box, with specimens of her needle-work, the basket in which she kept the "baby-things" of her infant son James I. of England, a miniature of Mary, when young and beautiful, the room in which she was supping with the Countess of Argyle, a David Berrio, a young Italian, who was her private Secretary, when Lord Darnley her husband, instigated by jealousy, attended by several noblemen, ascending to the room by a private stairway which led to the chapel, rushed into her presence. The wretched young man was stabbed in the Queen's presence and dragged into an ante-room, where, our guide said, "fifty-five more wounds were inflicted, and he left there all night, weltering in his blood," the marks of which she pretends to point out, in a peculiar stain upon the floor. His body was afterwards thrown down the private stair-way, and lies buried under a flat stone of the walk from the Palace to the Chapel, at the foot of the stairs. All these and many other curious, strange and wonderful things are pointed out in this once magnificent abode of royality, but now lonely and forlorn place.

There is much to interest a traveler in Edinburg. I have noted many things which I have not now time to describe. I leave it with the remark that it is one of the most interesting, and noble appearing places I have ever seen.

Yours, W. S. B.

BR. W. H. RYDER IN ENGLAND.

The following synopsis of a speech delivered by Br. Ryder, at a Sabbath-School meeting in England, will be read with pleasure. The occasion was a happy one, and speeches were made by Rev. Mr. Gordon, of Coventry, Rev. Mr. Hawks, of Portsmouth, Rev. Mr. Harris, of Liverpool, and others.

The Chairman, amidst loud cheers, called upon the Rev. W. H. Ryder, of New Hampshire, United States, to second the resolution.

The Rev. W. H. Ryder said—It is my pleasure to have many friendly connections with the Unitarians of America, and I have undoubtedly a very near agreement in my mind with your religious opinions, but this matters little; we are here this morning not to consider whether we agree as religionists, but to sympathise with each other in a work as interesting as it is important,—the education of the young. In America, our Sabbath School education is confined entirely to religious culture. The poor in New England, my own part of the country, are nearly all of them tolerably well educated, so that the children can read and write, and we are not embarrassed in our Sunday Schools by teaching them such matters, but can put them at once on subjects connected with their moral improvement. Thus every thing connected with Sunday School instruction in my own country presents a different aspect to that in England, and you must not expect me to give you any practical advice respecting the management of your Schools. To my mind, the fact that so vast a number are unacquainted with the primary lessons of instruction, suggests some very important considerations. We as adult members of society, are responsible for the moral education of the young—(hear, hear) I trust from the interesting thoughts thrown out this day, that the consciousness of your responsibility will be increased. I was particulary struck with the remark of a previous speaker, when he spoke of bringing together what may be termed the opposite elements of society. A child is born in the midst of poverty; that child receives lessons almost before it can lisp its mother's name: every thing around it tends to injure its better nature; t grows up in this atmosphere, and at last comes into a world, hardened, and without compassion. Take that child as soon as you can, bring it to your schools, but do not always keep him with children born and bred as itself, but let it look on others who have inherited the blessing of this world; let it feel that it is of the same blood, that it has the same God to care for it, and a soul to purify, and it will very probably grow up an ornament to your denomination—(cheers).

With regard to the relation of ministers to Sunday schools, I may mention that in New England a clergyman is expected to be the supreme officer of the school—(hear). We have a superintendent, who is a layman, to attend to the details of the management, but the minister is expected to be in the school in person. I could add, as an illustration of this, that at home, Mrs. Ryder has a school in the parish, of twenty five children, all of whom are under six years of age; these children are thus qualified to enter the classes of the general school. This is the way we work in my own country, and we are, under the blessing of God, moving the cause forward with great success—(cheers).

A CONVERT FROM METHODISM.

The following interesting intelligence is communicated by Br. Bacon, for the Freeman. The letter to which he refers, will be found in another part of our paper.

Br. Cobb.—A stranger called at my residence a while since, whom I soon became acquainted with in spirit. He came to inquire—What steps were requisite to be taken in order to be recognized as a Universalist? I of course informed him, that he should *believe the doctrine and work with Universalists.* He opened his mind fully, and I was delighted with the clearness of his perceptions and convictions in reference to the grand fundamentals of the Gospel. Subsequently he addressed the people at our Friday Conference, and all were highly pleased. Again, a week ago last Friday evening, he spoke at considerable length and with great force, dwelling on the influences which first operated to incline him to think tolerantly towards Universalism and examine its claims. These influences were, The war of the former creed against the best sympathies of the soul; the "excellent tracts" of the Lowell and Rhode Island series, and the upright and friendly character of the professed Universalists with whom he became acquainted. I never heard a converted partialist go over, in his experience, the ground work of faith so thoroughly as he did, and my soul said *Amen* as he closed. Very beautiful was the closing comparison, when he said that Partialism, seen in the best light, giving to it all the praise you could, was like the trees of an orchard on a winter morning, when the rain has frozen on every branch, and in the light of the risen sun all looks *pretty*, glittering with a mere transient beauty—while Universalism was like those same trees adorned with the garniture of luxuriant foliage, the golden fruit, and the ds singing sweetly in the branches.

THE LANDMARK.

This is a neatly printed paper, published in this city, by J. K. Ingalls and W. Haddock, and devoted to the discussion and support of man's right to the soil, and the rights of man generally. It is edited by the senior publisher, who is a man of good mind and attainments, and a chaste and forcible writer. Its motto is, "The earth is the common inheritance of mankind." All those who feel friendly to this land reform movement, or who wish to inform themselves upon the subject, would do well to take the Landmark. It is published every Saturday, on a large demi-sheet, at $1,00 per year. The paper, we fear, is too cheap. A paper printed on such material, and containing as much matter as the Landmark, cannot be afforded for less than $1,50.

A LETTER FROM BR. ABEL C. THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA August 8, 1848.

Editors of the Messenger:—There is a Latin phrase which, freely rendered, signifies *the scribbling itch*. I was formerly afflicted with it, but latterly have been little troubled with the malady—whereat the younger tribe of writers may rejoice, inasmuch as larger space is thereby afforded for the publication of their pen productions. Perhaps I might add, that readers also have cause of gratulation. Be this as it may, a symptom of the old disease has appeared this morning, in the shape of a desire for part of a column of type.

This desire takes the direction of Pottsville—for where your treasure is, there will the heart be also. My wife and three sons are still sojourning in that hill-country, and the electric chain of love will bind me to Schuylkill County, until my little family is gathered around me in these scenes of my early ministerial labors. When that happy hour arrives, (and it is a long month distant) I may have somewhat to say connected with Philadelphia—but at present I will discourse of the Schuylkill Valley and Mountains.

Beautiful Schuylkill! the *Manayunk* of the Indians. How fertile and well-cultivated are its sunny slopes—how charmingly peaceful its habitations of farmers—how industrial and prosperous its many villages! And yet the mountains are the source as well of the prosperity and much of the beauty of this Valley, as of its waters. The Canal and Rail Road, both running nearly parallel with the River, are the channels of a Coal and Iron trade to the value of many millions of dollars per annum—and the advantages to Miners, Artizans, Farmers, Merchants, and other classes of this working world, are visible throughout.

If you would behold the beginnings and main element of all this busy and thrifty operation, you must go with me up stream, through the gorges of the Blue Mountain, into an externally unpromising region, 100 miles N. W. of Philadelphia. And now, (with a lamp in your hand if you choose to walk, or in a dirty car if you prefer to be let down by a stationary engine,) let us descend a few hundred yards into the bosom of mother earth, at an angle of 40 degrees, less or more. From this depth, let us walk half a mile or farther, on a very slight ascending grade.

And here you behold, at divers points, groups of sooty men, each with a lamp stuck in his cap, digging out the "black diamonds," familiarly termed anthracite coal. Of this mineral or charred vegetable wealth (as you may elect to consider it) more than sixteen hundred thousand tons were sent to market from the Schuylkill region alone, in the year 1847!

To convey this unparalleled fuel to Philadelphia, as a distributing mart, the Schuylkill Canal was constructed—and some years subsequently, the Philadelphia and Reading Rail-Road.

I have travelled extensively on nearly all the Rail Roads in the free States—but never on a better than this. In one line of cars you pass the entire distance in four hours and a half, and in the other in an hour less—about 95 miles.

But the Coal Trains excite the liveliest admiration. An Engine, with from 70 to 100 cars attached, rolls majestically through the gorges of the Mountains, and fills you with awe in contemplating this modern revelation of Power. Another, and yet another succeeds, at such intervals as are supposed necessary to avoid hazard; and thus they follow on, to deliver their cargoes as food for fire.

I am confident that few of our citizens who spend money in summer travel or recreation, are aware of the pleasure and instruction they would derive from a visit to the Coal Fields of Pennsylvania. As the dull ox who devours the hay without knowing or caring whence it comes, thousands are benefitted every day by the modern fuel, without evincing any interest in the mysterious depths from which it is brought, and the wonderful channels by which it is conveyed from the mountains. And this, too, though a few days would suffice to attain the knowledge gained by personal inspection, superadded to a view of scenery most grand and imposing.

—The management of the Rail Road of which I speak, is in excellent hands. The track is double the entire route, with necessary lateral sections—but close watching is needed to prevent accidents as well as delay. I believe no passenger has yet been injured on the Road, notwithstanding the constant travel:—the coal trains, however, are dangerous. In consequence of the slightly descending grade, from the hill-country, and also the extent and great weight of the trains, a "brakeman" is needed every ten or twelve cars: and should an axle give way, there is usually "a wreck of matter," and sometimes loss of life. To remove all obstructions, scores of men are always in readiness at the principal points on the route, and the Engine, detached, is the speedy messenger for aid.

There is also a speedier. On my last trip to Pottsville, in the "Fast Line," (as distinguished from the "Slow Line" at 20 miles an hour!) the Engine gave out, say 20 miles East of Reading. A Telegraph despatch was forwarded to that city from Pottstown. We proceeded slowly on our route, and in a short time, we met another engine booming down the Road, at a fearful rate, to our relief. The lightning had told the story to the Steam in a twinkling—and the steam promptly obeyed the summons!

—While I am on the subject of traveling, let me mention a special ride I had through the Blue Mountain Tunnel—nearly one-third of a mile in length. I had been to Berks County on a visit, and making friends with the Engineer of the "Spitfire," so called, I was invited to accompany the Freight Train to Port Clinton. It was a hot berth so close to the fire, but the speed gave us the equivalent of a stiff breeze, and the traveling was pleasant, saving the surging and swaying of the Engine.

But this was nothing to the Tunnel passage. The wag of an Engineer opened the shrieking steam whistle, his assistant stirred up the fire vigorously—and the rolling, rumbling, spark-flying, scream-resounding trip through that hole in the mountain, made it one of the longest thirds of a mile I ever traversed, though it required not more than a minute. It served however to make up the variety of Rail Roading—albeit, I hope nevermore to have anything to do with a "*Spitfire*," whether Locomotive, Infernal, or Mortal!

Truly your Correspondent,

ABEL C. THOMAS.

BRUCE'S NEW-YORK TYPE FOUNDRY.

We have before us a Card from this Foundry, which contains by far the most perfect specimens of type, that we ever saw. The body of the letter, and the hair lines, are superior even to copperplate. We had no idea that type could be so highly finished as this is. The ornamental scroll border is exquisitely done. We have searched for a defect in some one of the letters, and in the border, but we cannot find one. The card is most elegantly printed. The work is done by Messrs. George Bruce and P. C. Cortelyou, 13 Chamber-st., N. Y., Type Founders.

STONINGTON ROUTE TO BOSTON.

The splendid Steamer Connecticut, has been put upon this line, to run in connection with the Vauderbilt. These are both very superior boats; they are strong, spacious, and fitted up in fine style. They are both boats of great speed, and always reach this city, from Stonington, in season for the morning line to Philadelphia and the day-boats up the river.

LETTER FROM BR. SAWYER.

The following letter announces the sad intelligence, that Br. Sawyer and wife have been called to part with their youngest child. They have many friends in this city who will deeply sympathise with them in their great affliction. It will be seen that the letter was not designed for publication. It is, however, so excellent, and so full of the subdued spirit of Christian submission, that we have solicited it for our columns.

CLINTON, AUG. 11, 1848.

DEAR BROTHER :—I am pained, oh how deeply, to inform you of the death of our dear little girl, Mary Angela. She died after a sickness of eleven days, this very day at a quarter past twelve, noon. I know we shall have the sympathy of yourself and family in this bitter affliction, It seems more than we can well bear. She was a lovely and loving child and had knit the affections of all our hearts closely about her. Alas! all we have left of our dear little angel is her lifeless clay, now ready for the grave, and a rich memory of all loving actions.

It is hard, very hard to part with one so dear. You, I believe, have never felt this sorrow. Oh, may it be long before such a cup is put to your lips. Yet bitter as it is, I would not change it, were it within my power for the condition of having never had her. Though but twenty three months old, she had called up in our hearts a thousand affections, and though now taken away from us she has left those affections behind, and a thousand sweet and joyous memories. We see her still in health and spirits, running around our rooms and our yard. We hear her gladsome little voice and the clapping of her little hands. We feel the loving kiss upon our cheeks. Oh, though dead, she still lives with us, and more, she lives in *heaven*, and well I know that our hearts will be drawn thither with a stronger attraction for her.

May we ask your prayers in this bitter affliction. Never before have we tasted of this cup. God has hitherto graciously spared us our children; and now that he has recalled one we must not repine. God is still good and loving. Had *I* been left to order events, our little Mary would have stayed and grown up with us. God has ordered it otherwise, and I know that whatever he does is always best. Meekly then, and with the spirit of a child, I endeavor to bow to his holy will. Will you have the goodness to see a notice of our little Mary's death inserted in the Messenger. Her name was MARY ANGELA,—was born September 12, 1846, and departed this life the 11th of Aug., 1848, aged 1 year and 11 months wanting one day

There are many friends in New York, to whom this will be the only notice they will receive. I cannot write them all, only a few. Be so good as to mention it to such as you may see. In this day of affliction I feel a yearning towards my *old, old friends*. Mrs. Barker has been exceedingly kind, and so have others.

God bless you dear Br., and keep your children safe from death. Yours truly,

J. Y. WATKINS, ESQ. T. J. SAWYER.

ANOTHER CONVERSION.

The Star in the West announces the conversion to Universalism, of Rev. Thomas Ballinger, a Campbellite Baptist o Mt. Vernon, Ohio. "He is a gentleman of unblemished character and good abilities." We bid all such men a hearty welcome. We want none, however, who have run out among their partialist brethren. We want true Gospel preachers. None others can succeed among us.

Persons apparently killed by lightning have been restored, by promptly immersing them in cold water, or by dashing water upon the body.

DEATH OF REV: M. P. FISHER.

The "Star in the West" announces the death of Br. Fisher, a preacher of our faith in Tennessee. He was 57 years old. Br. Gurley says:—

"At an early day he removed from South Carolina to Tennessee, then a wilderness country, without much law, government, or moral instruction. He became a member of the Methodist Church, and received license to preach in 1833. Being a man of strong physical and mental constitution, he was regarded as one of the giants of Methodism. But in due time, by thorough investigation, his mind was opened to see the light and glory of Universalism. After the scales fell from his eyes, he was almost as zealous as was Paul. He preached far and near; and his former brethren generally embraced the truth under his ministry. We had the satisfaction of addressing a large congregation in his neighborhood three or four years ago, and of conversing with him in his own house. We found him a remarkably intelligent man, full of Christian zeal and love to God. His life was a practical illustration of his faith; and his death was triumphant.

"Br. Gardner writes that he was sick 21 days. And he adds, "the greater part of his time he had his senses perfectly He would tell his physicians that they could do nothing for him—that his destiny was in greater hands than theirs—that God was his great Father, and on him alone would he depend—that none but the good Being who made him could help him.

The only thing indeed for which he expressed a desire to live, was that he might further propagate the doctrine of universal salvation—if possible to the *very ends of the earth!* He would frequently speak of the doctrine, and call it great and glorious, every way worthy of the God who instituted it. He would quote texts of Scripture in support of it; and attempt, with enthusiastic rapture, to illustrate different Scriptures—insomuch that his physicians thought it expedient to divert his attention from this great subject.

Br. Fisher has left a wife and seven children to monrn his loss. May God bless, prosper, and grant them all the comforts of his grace."

UNIVERSALISM IN NORTHERN OHIO.

The "Star in the West," of July 22d, contains the following good news concerning the cause in the northern section of Ohio. The editor of that journal says,—

We have been favored with a visit from our zealous and well beloved Br. Smead, and by him furnished with the following interesting items of intelligence.

Rev. Thomas Ballinger has renounced Campbellism and embraced Universalism. He has applied to the Richland Association for a Letter of Fellowship. He is a gentleman of unblemished character, and good abilities. He resides near Mt. Vernon, and his Post Office is Brandon.

The brethren in Shelby, Richland Co, are building a Meeting-House. The frame is up, and the work will go on to completion. The cause is prosperous there; preaching one-fourth of the time, by Br. Smead.

Last February Br. Smead commenced a series of lectures in Mansfield, Richland Co. and invited the clergy of the town to make such remarks upon his arguments as they might think best—to come out and examine the general subject of Universalism and endless misery. Several attended, but no reply was made worth mentioning. About this time Br. James Wallace came forward and offered a house and lot, worth about $3000 to the Universalists, upon condition that they would erect a Church upon the lot within ten years The prospect is, that a Meeting-House will be built soon—a subscription is out for that object. We commend Br. Wallace's example to the Universalists everywhere. He gives to a noble object—and the donation will not impoverish him, while it may be the means of making thousands rich. Wealth is only valuable as it is made the instrument of improving the physical, moral and intellectual condition of the world.

A Society was formed in Mansfield of about 24 members, and a Church organized—of men and women, good and true. They have preaching one fourth of the time.

In Frederick there have been several renunciations of Partialism. The cause is very prosperous there—more so than for several previous years. Harmony and good will prevail among the brotherhood. They have preaching one-half of the time by Br. Smead.

The Orthodox Congregationalists of Maine do not number so many this year as they did the last, by 70.

BISHOP HUGHES AND THE PRESBYTERIANS.

Rev. Mr. Murray, a Presbyterian Preacher of Elizabeth-wn, N. J., has been writing a series of articles on Catholsm, and his reasons for leaving the Catholic Church. The etence that he was a seceder from the Catholics, seems to unfair; for when he seceded, he was a mere youth, and by no eans old enough to give his opinions the least weight. To ese articles, Bishop Hughes has replied, and though we have en nothing in what he has written which proves the truth o tholicism, we are pleased with the adroit manner in which manages his side of the question, and the aptness with ich he makes his opponent contradict himself.

Mr. Murray proposes a discussion with the Bishop. The pposition is thus rejected—

"You wish me to dispute with you on matters of general conversy. I must beg leave to decline the proposed honor. nnot consent to dispute with any man for whom I feel no reect, and therefore I can enter into no controversy with you; ecially until you have extricated yourself from the inconencies and self-contradictions pointed out in this review. u suggest 'the inference that I am a devil,—(Page 64.) u proclaim 'your high respect for me.'—(Page 75.) Now, I entertain no respect for any man, and especially a *Minisof the Gospel*, who can cherish and avow 'his high reapect 'a devil,' even by inference."

REMOVALS.

r. M. B. Newell having removed from Brewster, Mass., to Hampshire, the brethren in the former place, have engagthe services of Br. O. W. Bacon, of Shutesbury. He will ove to his new field of labor, the first of December next. r. J. G. Forman will close his labors with the Universalist ety in Dover, N. H., on the last of October next. He is an and bold Gospel preacher, and there are many portions of Master's vineyard, where his Christian labors will be sough sustained.

LIBERAL BEQUESTS.

he name of Dr. William Chamberlain, of Ohio, will long nown by Universalists. He is one of our most devoted iberal men in the West. He recently visited Iowa, and to four Universalist Societies 640 acres of land, or 160 s to each, as a ministerial farm, for the benefit of the hers. Some years ago he exhibited his benevolence and st in our cause by giving to every new Society, a library iversalist books.

SACRED DIORAMAS.

e have boen delighted by a visit to Hannington's Sacred mas. The first gives a view of the Creation of the world n admirable work of art. It shows you the world withrm, the water, the creation of the sun, moon and stars, h of the great deep, the beasts of the field, the birds of r, and Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The secves a view of the Deluge. We think this quite equal to st. You hear the rain and thunder, see the vivid lightthe rising flood, the affrighted people climbing to the ains, the ark, and the dove. The paintings are very fine-e, and the imitations of the clouds, the clear sky, the s of the field, and the lofty mountains, are very beauti-We advise all to see these Dioramas.

NEY'S DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.—We were recently much with a visit which we took occasion to make to Gur- Daguerrian Gallery, 189 Broadway. His pictures are fully executed, and equal to any we have ever seen, and a faithfulness which we have never known excelled. wishing pictures of real worth, cannot do better than to urney.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

JUBILEE SONG OF THE UNIVERSE.

[FROM THE VISION OF FAITH.]

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

Oh, God, enough! Salvation's banners I behold
Around the Central Throne, in triumph now unfurled;
Bright, joyous hosts, with sweet-toned harps of gold,
And starry diadems, from every shouting world,
They come, *they* come! a shining myriad throng;
"*God reigns in all, o'er all!*" the swelling anthem song!

* * * * * * * * * *

Still swell the rapturous anthem-praises there!—
New wonders yet burst on the unveiled sight,—
The perfect triumphs of God's grace and might,
The yearning hope of every holy prayer:
Grim DEATH turns paler on his skull-heaped throne,
Totters—then sinks in night, and dies with horrid groan!
And ERROR, SIN and FEAR, each blighting wo
Is crushed beneath a gleaming mighty hand!
With a new seraph-beauty, now the glow
Upon each face in that bright seraph band;
E'en heaven-'rapt FAITH can there no longer gaze
Upon the awful Throne where dazzling splendor's blaze.

The weary eye of FAITH must turn away;
It cannot, must not, e'en in vision see
God's wonders all, while linked with this gross clay;
Yet to the soul comes the sweet minstrelsy,
Of worlds redeemed.—all that the soul must hear and know
While shrined in earth, here in these mortal courts below.

It comes—it comes, loud-pealing,
The joy of heaven revealing,
Oh, the wild, rapturous feeling
With holy influence stealing
O'er every sense, and o'er the struggling soul!
Upward the soul is springing—
Away its clay-shrine flinging,
A heaven-ward flight now winging,
To learn the songs that through heaven's arches roll.

THE NEW SONG.

GABRIEL MARSHALING THE HOSTS.

Soft be the touch of every golden wire
In every angel's harp, in every seraph's lyre!
Soft—soft the opening hymn,
From shining cherubim,
From lofty seraphim,
From all the gathering hosts of light!
Sweet—sweet each tone
Around the blazing Throne,
Whose awful glories now are bursting on our sight.
Prepare! ye ransomed worlds prepare
For praise!
'Tis Gabriel's call!

From heaven's full arcana
Bring forth the instruments of music.
The soft-toned flute,
The dulcet lute,
The pealing trumpets,
The gleaming cymbals;
And prostrate fall before the Throne
Of God.

Holy! holy! holy Lord God Almighty!
Who wa , and is, and who liveth forever more!
Halleluia!
He reigneth, He reigneth! The Lord God Omnipotent
Reigneth upon the throne of his glory!
Amen, and amen!
God of all worlds, before thine awful throne we fall!
Glory to thee, O God, who reigneth over all!
From highest cherubim thy face is veiled in dazzling light,
Yet here art thou, in all thy central glory, love and might.
Halleluia!

The reign of DEATH is o'er, forever o'er;
Immortalized and glorified, thy name we now adore:
Almighty One, to Thee, to Thee,
We raise the song of Jubilee;
From all the myriad worlds of light,
From cherubim and angels bright,—
For thou art worthy to receive honor, and power,
For thou hast created all things,
And for thy pleasure they are and were created.
Halleluia!
Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power
Unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne
And unto the Lamb forevermore!

Strike the harps! strike the cymbals!
Sound the trumpets! lift the voice of praise!
All sin-stained worlds are saved from moral night!
Behold their hosts redeemed, in dazzling robes of light!
Glory to God in the highest, in the highest!
Hallelulia, amen.

Let the notes of praise rise higher,
From each voice, and harp and lyre,
In the bright immortal choir;
Let each tongue with holy fire
From the altar of our Sire,
Be tuned to sweeter, lofiier praise!
From harps of gold,
From pealing trumpets,
From chiming cymbals,
A swelling chorus-anthem raise.
From all the hosts of light yet louder, sweeter be each voice,
This is the *Jubilee of Worlds!* Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!
Hallelulia! the Lord God Omnipotent
Reigneth. Amen, and amen!

Howlett Place, July, 1848.

A GOOD MAN'S LIFE.

The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion, which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures; but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright, and well-directed life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effecutal to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more, to regenerate the world, and bring in an everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.—*Chalmers.*

Original.

ANOTHER CONVERSION IN THE MINISTRY.

By the following letter which we copy from the "Christian Freeman," it will be perceived that another soul has been brought from the darkness and thraldom of error, into the glorious light and liberty of the Gospel. Br. Bacon, of Providence, in communicating this interesting intelligence, says: "I trust Br. Pomfret will be a useful advocate of the unlimited Grace of our Heavenly Father, as revealed in Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world"

DEAR BROTHER,—The claims of humanity, and the duty I owe to God and the Truth, impel me to pen a few lines to you in explanation of those influences which led me to embrace the glorious truth of Universal salvation. Although it is but recently that I have seen the great light shed on human destiny, by the truth recognized as Universalism, and though the emancipation of my mind from human tradition to the full enjoyment of faith in the great promises and purposes of God in reference to the final holiness and bliss of our race, is of late origin and accomplishment; yet my evidence, light though it be, may be the last grain of testimony required to turn the scale in the mind of some doubting individual, who may be halting between the heaven born doctrine of God, and the tradition of man; or to confirm, if such there be, those of weak faith in the promises of Christ.

Since my earliest childhood, the doctrine of endless punishment was inculcated by a pious and now sainted father. For nine years I was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist church and for seven years a minister in that denomination in England and America. Every influence of education has been decidedly to confirm my earliest impressions, and keep me in the prison house of bondage, and the advocate of superstitious error. *How, then, did I become a Universalist?* Some of the ideas that had an influence in producing this result, I will briefly specify.

I. *The spirit of Methodism was inconsistent with itself.* The distinctive features of the system of Wesley, and the Glory of Methodism, consisted in the extent of the atonement made by Christ,—that Christ died to save all men,—that he is the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world,—that it pleased the Father in him should all fulness dwell, and, having made peace by the blood of his cross, by him to *reconcile all things to himself;* by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven,—that he gave himself a ransom for *all*,—that he tasted death for every man,—that he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for *ours* ONLY *but the* SINS OF THE WHOLE WORLD. This is the grand difference between Methodism and the position of the Calvinist, and as soon as the restritive rule of explanation is applied to this doctrine of the universality of the atonement, the vital power of Methodism—its influence over the affections of the heart *dies*. It becomes as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. If I am lost eternally, Christ has not saved me; and if he has not saved me, he is not the Savior of all men. How, then, can endless torment and Methodism harmonize?

II. *Partialism does not prevent crime.* The belief in an endless hell does not prevent sin. I need not refer to the testimony of convicts every where, nor to the evidence before us of a world of Partialism and a world of crime. My own experience furnishes sufficient proof—proof but too tangible. I have sinned—terribly sinned, and were it not for the loving providence of God, I had not now seen the error of my ways. And I would here record my sorrow for the past, asking forgiveness of all whom I have injured, hoping it will be granted, as our Father in heaven is merciful. Partialism said I might escape—I might not die—penitence and pardon might be had, and I not suffer the just penalty. It says so to every sinner, and hence it is no preventation to crime.

III. *Partialism does not harmonize with the social susceptibilities of man.* When an impenitent dies, Charity hopes them in Heaven. With all their wickedness, had they sinned against *us*, we would not *punish them forever*. Is man more merciful than God? When the earthly career of a wicked soul is closed, and the offspring of pious parents, dies, how clearly is this fact confirmed. The slightest word—yea, merely a *glance*, is treasured as evidence of repentance and faith; and in agony the most intense it is asked, "Were all my prayers in vain? Were all the admonitions I have given useless? Has the life I led no influence, no redeeming power? It had—it had! God will have mercy on him. Yes, he is safe in Heaven," This feeling is universal. It is the desire of the rig

ous that they should be saved. And thanks to our God, *The desire of the righteous shall be granted.*

IV. *Partialism is inconsistent with the whole economy of Existence as revealed in the Scriptures.* It is needless to go into the discussion of this point. So clear is it to my mind, that I need not particularize. The promise of God is, that the seed of the woman should crush the serpent's head, and in harmonious consistency with this doctrine is the whole of the sacred volume. Sin shall be destroyed; holiness shall ensue; and when there is holiness, there is peace and joy in God.

There are other reasons why I became a Universalist, but these must at present suffice.

Believe me, dear brother,
Yours, in Gospel Faith,
JAMES E. POMFRET.

Providence, R. I., July 1848.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS—THE SOLDIER'S WIFE AND WIDOW.

During a recent visit to the encampment of the Massachusetts Regiment at Brighton, we were an eye witness to a most distressing scene. While standing near the entrance to the apartment allotetd to the officers, a young and well-dressed female came, with faltering steps to the door. Throwing aside a thick, black veil, a face of uncommon beauty was revealed, but it was evident, that grief and anxiety had partially effaced the rosy hue of health from her cheeks, and care and watchfulness dimmed the lustre of her eyes. Her form was fragile, and a sad presentiment shook it, as she reached the door, and drew forth a letter from her bosom.

'What is your wish, young woman?' inquired the officer who guarded the entrance, and who at the same time, gently prevented her from passing into the room.

'I wish to see one of the Volunteers,' she replied.

'Is he an officer or a private? asked the sentinel.'

'He is a private,' answered the female.

'To what company does he belong?'

'I do not know.'

'What is his name?'

'It is Clark,' replied the female, at the same time impatiently pressing forward to the entrance of the room.

'I cannot let you pass; my orders are most strict,' continued the sentinel; 'but if you will wait, I will send for him at once.'

'Do send for him,' said the female with great enthusiasm; and for the first time hope seemed to possess her care worn face with his blessed promise.

The sentinel called an attendant, and gave an order for Mr. Clark to be called.

'Clark—Clark, what company does he belong to?' asked the attendant.

'What company, young woman?' continued the sentinel.

'Of company I,' said the female, hesitating.

'Company I,' repeated the sentinel; 'there is no such company in the Regiment; you must be mistaken.'

'I dare say I may be,' said she, and referring to a long and very closely written letter for a moment, she replied, 'I was mistaken; it was company E.'

'Clark of company E,' ejaculated the attendant; why he is *dead!*

We never wish to be present again at another such a scene. Hope, that had for a moment shone upon that poor female, had sunk forever from her sight. Had some strange commotion of nature swallowed up every living being, and everything that the eye delighted to look upon and the heart to cherish, and left desolate to that one poor creature, the transition could not be greater. It was not an extravagant sorrow, but a silent, deep anguish, that read every human channel, and dissolved the great chain that connected the being with its kindred; all was gone. The doubts and hopes that had alternately struggled together, were at an end; the last struggle was over; and that female who a year ago, looked forth upon the great vista of futurity for many happy years, was now alone—*alone in the world.* Hundreds of young and buoyant spirits were upon that camp ground, and while the air rang with many shouts for those who had returned home in safety to the bosoms of their friends and family, we saw that poor female mechanically thread her way through the noisy crowd, with tear-filled eyes and grief-choked utterance, and a crushed and broken heart.

BIRTH EXTRAORDINARY.—Owing to an error in the reckoning, a fine boy was born on the Highlander on her downward passage on Tuesday night, July 18th. The strauger was named "Highlander." The mother and Highlander are doing well.—*Rondout Courier.*

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The Sabbath sun was setting slow,
Amidst the clouds of even;
"Our Father," breathed a voice below—
"Father, who art in heaven!"

Beyond the earth—beyond the cloud—
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father,"—angels sang aloud—
"Father, who art in heaven!"

"Thy kingdom come"—still from the ground.
That child-like voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come"—God's hosts resound—
Far up the starry way!

"Thy will be done,"—with little tongue.
That lisping love implores;
"Thy will be done,"—the angelic throng
Sing from seraphic shores.

"For ever,"—still thoss lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
"For ever,"—floats in music sweet—
High 'midst the angels there!

Thine be the glory evermore,
From thee may man ne'er sever!
But every Christian land adore—
Jehovah!—God!—for ever!

A QUEER KIND OF MAIL AGENT.

We have heard about a great many feats performed by Newfoundland dogs; but until lately we never dreamed that any of them could carry mail bags like stage drivers. The editor of the Baltimore American, however tells a story of a Newfoundland dog, who was pressed into this kind of service. The editor says, "The dog was owned by a respectable farmer, living on one of the many rivers that empty into our noble bay. This gentleman resides some distance from any post-town, and is fond of having the current news of the day, but for a long time found it extremely difficult to gratify his inclination in this respect. He has however, hit upon the following expedient by which he obtains his desires.

"A steamboat which leaves our city several times during each week, passes along the river within a mile of the shore on which his residence is situated. As the boat passes up the river, he may be seen on the bank with a noble Newfoundland dog at his side. At a given signal, the dog plunges into the water and makes his way rapidly towards the boat; as he nears it, a bladder containing the daily papers of our city is thrown out, which the dog immediately seizes, and with a faithfulness and despatch that would serve as an example to many of the government mail agents, makes his way back to the shore and deposits his mail bag at his master's feet. So well accustomed has the dog become to this service, that when the mail fails, and no bag is thrown to him from the boat, he shows evident disappointment and unwillingness to return without it.

THE DAISIES.

There are daisies on the hill-side,
And daisies by the brook,
They bloom upon the meadow wide,
And in each hidden nook.

They peep from out the tangled, grass,
And hide beneath the brake,
Where never human foot doth pass,
And glides the speckled snake.

I love them in the forest shade,
And on the hills above,
For He who their sweet beauty made,
Gave them to us in love.

—*Youth's Cabinet.* IRWIN.

LAWRENCE GREEN.

Lawrence Green was proud and conceited, and his uncle Thomas thought it well on his account to humble him a little. One day he went up to him and asked him to take a walk. Before they had walked an hour, they saw a bird, a fish, a squirrel, a rabbit, a spider and a goose.

"Can you fly like a bird?" said uncle Thomas.

"No," replied little Lawrence.

"Can you swim like a fish?"

"No, uncle."

"Can you climb a tree like a squirrel?"

"No, I can not."

"Can you run like a rabbit?"

"No, uncle; you know that I can not."

"Well, then can you spin like a spider?"

"I can not," said Lawrence, not a little mortified that he had to say no so many times over.

"What can you do then?" inquired his uncle Thomas. "Can you hiss like a goose?"

"Yes I can," cried Lawrence, brightening up.

"Then," replied uncle Thomas, "if you can neither fly like a bird, swim like a fish, climb like a squirrel, run like a hare, nor spin like a spider, and can do nothing better than hiss like a goose, I would advise you to be very humble: for it seems that the bird, the fish the squirrel, the rabbit, and the spider, are in some things more clever than you are. Lawrence profited by that walk, and was not so proud and conceited afterward.

THE CAPTIVE GIRL.

During the war which broke out in 1754, between the French and English, a party of Indians from Canada entered Pennsylvania, burnt several houses and carried off many captives. Among these was a little German girl whose father was killed by the Indians, but her mother escaped. The name of the little girl was Regina, and she was given to an old Indian woman. While with the Indians, in Canada, Regina never forgot her kind parents, nor the little hymn which they had taught her to sing. In the year 1764, that excellent man, Colonel Bouquet, was sent with a small army against the Indians who carried off Regina. He soon conquered the Indians, released all the captives they had taken in Pennsylvania, among whom was Regina, and then returned with them to Carlisle, in that State. He then gave public notice that the parents who had lost children by the Indians might come and see if they were among the poor captives. The poor mother of Regina, among others, went to Carlisle to see if she could find her long-lost child. But when she got there, she did not know Regina, who had grown up and looked like the Indians. Thus disappointed, the poor mother stood weeping, when the kind hearted Colonel Bouquet came up to her and said—"Do you recollect nothing by which your child might be discovered?" Nothing, replied the mother, but a little hymn which I taught her to sing, and which is as follows:

"Alone, and yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear,
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the weary hour to cheer;
I am with Him and He with me—
E'ven here alone, I cannot be!"

The Colonel desired her to sing the hymn as she used to do. She had sung but two lines when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. Thus the dear child was found.

How important, then, is the power of musical association! We might as well look for the flowers of Paradise upon the burning sand, as for pleasure in music without this principle.—*Cleveland Herald.*

THE ECHO.

Little George had not yet the least idea of an echo. One day, he happened to cry out in the midst of the fields, 'Ho! ho!' and he instantly heard the same words repeated from the neighboring thicket. Surprised at the sound, he exclaimed, 'Who are you?' Upon which the same voice also returned, 'Who are you?' George cried out, 'You must be a very foolish fellow,' 'Foolish fellow!' repeated the voice from the thicket. George now began to grow angry, and he uttered words of defiance toward the spot from whence the sound proceeded. The echo faithfully repeated all his words. Thereupon George, in order that he might avenge himself, searched through the wood for the boy, who he supposed was mocking him, but he could find nobody.

After searching in vain for some time, George ran home, and complained to his mother that a wicked boy was concealed in the wood, for the purpose of mocking him. 'Ah, now you are complaining of your own self,' replied his mother. 'Know that you have heard nothing but your own words; for even as you have more than once seen your face reflected in the clear water, so you have just heard your own voice in the woods. If you had uttered an exclamation of kindness, you would have received the same in reply. It is thus in every-day life. The conduct of others toward us is generally but an echo of our own.'

Secular Department.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Steamship Acadia, which arrived off Boston, on Sunday last, has been anxiously waited for by all who have felt any interest in the present important crisis in the affairs of Irelaad. Many were looking for an outbreak and bloodshed, but up to the time at which the Acadia sailed, no deeds of violence had occurred. Liverpool is reported to be in a state of great excitement; 20,000 Special Constables have been sworn in, and the police force now numbers some 3,300. Stamps have been refused for the *Felon* and *Nation*, which cannot therefore appear, as they would not be permitted to pass through the Post Office without Stamps; the Police were also ordered to seize them at every possible point, if despatched otherwise than by mail. Troops are constantly arriving from England, and departing for the south, where the danger is most pressing. It is said that Messrs. O Brien, Meagher, Dillon, O'Gormon and Lane, are beyond Carrick-on-Suir, in the County of Tipperary, surrounded by the armed peasantry, and determined to fight for their liberty. Both the Publishing and Printing Offices of the *Nation* have been seized, with the books, papers, &c., and the printers, eleven in number, arrested and taken before the magistrates, at the Police office.

There is nothing of importance from other parts of the continent. Paris is tranquil, and parties are gradually falling into their natural order. Letters from the Continent speak favorably of the crops, and state that the potato disease is not extensive.

A Painful Disappointment.—It is known that a son of Mr. Burt of this city, four years old, has been missing over two years. The parents have always believed that the child was taken by a Circus company. Mr. Burt received information a few weeks since that led him to believe that his son was with a Circus company in Western Pennsylvania, whither he went in pursuit. He found the company near Bedford, Pa. but the boy (though obtained at or near Schenectady, and of the same age,) was not his, and he sent a Telegraph dispatch from Bedford to his wife, saying, "Not our child—will be home by Wednesday." But the Telegraph note, as received by Mrs. B. reads: "Met our children. I will be home by Wednesday:" The mother supposing her lost child had been found, communicated the intelligence to her friends. But this morning, when Mr. B. returned, these joyful anticipations were cruelly disappointed.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Education in Lower Canada.—The Report of the Superintendent of Public Education for the above Province, recently printed, embraces returns for half the year 1847. From these it appears there are in Eastern Canada, 1,632 public schools; children frequenting the same, 63,284; allowance for school houses (six months) $60,000; allowance for school houses (six months) $72,000; number of school houses built and repaired (six months) 605. In upper Canada there are 3,000 School Districts, 236 of which over, one tenth of the whole, were without schools in 1846. The average annual allowance for teachers in Lower Canada is $144; in Upper Canada, $116.

We witnessed a singular phenomenon a few nights ago. The moon, in the south-east was about 25 degrees above the horizon, and in the opposite part of the heavens there appeared, for several minutes a beautiful rainbow, distinct throughout, the middle of the arch being about 30 or 35 degrees above the horizon. It was near 9 o'clock P. M.—*C. W. Province.*

A NEW OPERATION FOR DEAFNESS.—M. Bonnofout of Paris, military surgeon, gave an account before the British Academy Sciences, at a recent session, of a method used by him in ase of deafness, to discover whether the nerve of sound has ist all its susceptibility. He has ascertained that the skull a good conductor of vibration, and that if it be struck by vi- rating objects, the nerve of the ear is acted upon whenever its sisceptibility has not been entirely destroyed.

TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT OF THE INDIANS.—*Chippeways and Sioux*.—News has been brought in of a sanguinary encounter tetween a party of Chippeways and Sioux in the vicinity of andy Lake. The Chippeways about eighty in number, were ut on a fishing party, and unarmed, when they were surprised a war party of the Sioux, who massacred some seventy of e number, among whom was young Hole in the-day. There as much excitement among the Chippeways at the Pointe, ho seemed bent on the most summary vengeance.

SICKNESS AT THE SING SING PRISON.—We are informed Mr. Chancey Smith, the agent of the state prison at Sing ng, that there are some sixty convicts now on the sick list in at institution, and the chapel has been converted into a tem- rary hospital for the accommodation of the sick. The com- aint by which the convicts are attacked is a species of chol- a morbus, which runs into the common diysentery. Some ur or five have already died of this complaint, and as many ore are not expected to survive.—*White Plains Jour.*

WEALTHY IMMIGRANTS WHO WANT FARMS.—A few days since a ealthy German emigrant, named Herr Rodenberger, arrived in s city with his family of 11 persons. For over 20 years he was ourghomaster in Rheinsheim, but being compromised in some the revolutionary movements, he was obliged to fly for safety. large portion of his wealth still remains in Germany, but he ings with him over $25,000 in specie, which is to be expended purchasing lands for a farm. Enjoying a high character in rmany, he has been empowered to purchase lands for about 100 milies who intend emigrating during the season. He left the y last evening for Albany, though his point of destination is nesville, Ohio.—*Sun.*

FATHER MATHEW.—In a letter addressed to Col. Shurburne, London, a few days before the America sailed, Father Mat- ew announced his purpose to take passage for America during present month. He intends to come in the packet ship New orld in accordance with the invitation of Capt. Knight.

COUNTERFEITER ARRESTED.—John Robinson, *alias* Gleason, s arrested in Berkshire county, on the 4th inst., for passing nterfeit $20 bills on the Marine Bank of New Bedford. is now in Lenox jail, awaiting examination. He is proba- one of a gang who are engaged in a similar business.

SPEED.—A gentleman living in Chicago, recently left New rk on Monday at six o'clock, P. M. and arrived home on the owing Friday at four P. M., making the trip in four days. e distance by the route travelled is nearly twelve hundred les; and when the T rail is laid hence to Albany, and the ntral railroad is completed, the trip will be shortened at least hours!—*Buffalo Exchange.*

☞ Two gold mines in Buckingham County, Va., are sup- ed to be inexhaustible: nine bars were recently taken from m, valued at $1,666. At the expense of $24 a day the rkers raise and wash $75 worth a day.

The rock, known by the name of the Dent de Naye, which s situated at a height of 7000 feet, fell on the 31 ult., into valley of Montroux, Switzerland, and destroyed seven ses and all the persons in them. It is said that upwards of 0 head of cattle were killed in the fields.

The Receivers of the Plainfield Bank cannot pay a dividend of the funds in their hands until a suit now pending in the urt of Chancery of the State of New Jersey against them, in- ving almost the entire amount of those funds, is definitely posed of; but negotiations are now in progress, and the Re- vers have every reason to believe will soon be consummated. ich will enable them to close up the concern.

WOOL TRADE IN MICHIGAN.—The wool trade of Michigan reases rapidly. The crop of the state last year was estima- at 1,700,000 lbs., of which 100,000 was a surplus for expor- on. In 1841, the amount exported did not much exceed 200,- . The stock of sheep has been increased during the past son, and the surplus wool of the year it is presumed will ch 1,500,000.

NEW VOLCANO.—A volcano is stated to have broken out at Awargura, an island in the Pacific, in the Friendly group, and about twenty miles east of Vavau; violent shocks of an earth- quake have been felt at Vavau, at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes, and other phenomena of a volcanic eruption have been observed. A gentleman named Williams, visiting the spot a few months since, observed, a little above the sea level, a vast crater from which boiling lava issued in torrents and spread over the neighboring plains; but such was the violence of the action that he was obliged to return without having ascertained the fate of the unfortunate inhabitants.

The workmen engaged in digging for the railroad bridge in Cranston, R. I., excavated, says the Providence Journal, a number of Indian skeletons. The bones appeared to be in a good state of preservation, but some of them soon crumbled on exposure to the air. A copper kettle and several bottles of sin- gular shape were found with them. One of the skulls was bro- ken as if by a blow. It is thought that one of the skeletons be- longed to a chief. The skull shows a superior intellectual de- velopement, and most of the articles buried were found near it.

CITY LIFE.—The Boston Traveller says that a watchman, the other night, was called to quell a disturbance in a house in Broad street. Arriving at the room whence the noise came, in which were closely packed about twenty human beings—men, women and children—he began by ordering all who did not belong there to leave. Finding that no one stirred, he sep- erately questioned each person, and found it to be a fact that all were tenants of the room! The night was one of the hottest of the season, and the stifled air of this human pen was almost suffocating to the watchman who entered it.

SOMETHING NEW.—A new Bank is about to be established at Essex Conn. Capital $75,000, with liberty to increase it to $150,000. The bill-holders are to have the first lien on all the property. If the debts of the Bank exceed 50 per cent., at the time of its failure, (if it should fail,) then the officers of the Bank are made personally liable.

VESSEL BURNT.—Intelligence has been received in this city, of the burning of the whale ship Cassandra, of Providence, Winslow master, on the 1st of May, in lat. 24 S. lon. 45 W. The crew esca- ped in the boats. During the time they were in the boats, which was ten days, they were without provisions; and two men died.

A Mexican girl, aged eighteen, whose attendance on the sick Americans excited enmity among her relations, has arrived at Pittsburgh with the volunteers. The ladies of that city have made ample provision for her support and education.

Philip Olivarius, a monk of Orval, in the year 1544 predicted, it is said, all the remarkable events of the present century. The following lines have long been current in Germany;—"I would not be a King in 1848; I would not be a grave-digger in 1850. But I would be whatever you please in 1851."

AVARICE.—An old lady named Getz, in Baltimore, being in a very destitute condition, was visited by two or three gentle- men, who on examination, found the sum of $285, in small sums, among her furniture.

FROM MEXICO.—The latest advices indicate that the insur- rection of Parades will be put down. His forces have been beaten by the government, and Jarauta, the guerilla chief, taken prisoner and executed.

☞ Richard Barry, while intoxicated, lay down on the Railroad track at Baltimore, in consequence of which he was run over by the cars and instantly killed.

ANOTHER TOM THUMB.

P. T. Barnum, of the American Museum, has obtained from England, one of the most wonderful lads we ever saw. He is very small, finely formed, handsome and sprightly. He is ten or twelve years of age, and smaller than Gen. Tom Thumb, whose fame has extended over the world.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Tompkins, please credit Mrs. Susan T. Fisher, No. 9 Oliver-st., 34 cents—Mrs. Faure and Mrs. Jackson, No. 188 Bleecker-st., $2 each, for Repository, and charge this office Discontinue Repository to Mrs. Fisher.

CONNECTICUT UNIVERSALIST SABBATH S. ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of this Association, will be held at Stamford on the fourth Wednesday in August next. An address may be expected from the Rev. S. S. Fletcher. The Superintendents of the various schools in this State, are earnestly requested to present full reports of the condition and progress of their schools. O. UTLEY, *Secretary.*

☞ The Trumpet will please copy.

Middletown, July 17, 1848.

N. Y. ASSOCIATION.

This body adjourned to meet on Wednesday, October 11th, at such place as may be designated by the Standing Clerk. Any friends desirous of having the Association meet with them, will please address the subscriber.

THOS. B. THAYER, *Standing Clerk.*

Brooklyn, August 7, 1848.

CONNECTICUT CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

The 'Connecticut Convention of Universalists,' will hold its annual session at Stamford, on the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in August, 23d and 24th instant. The Council will be organized in the Church at 9 o'clock, A. M.—The occasional Sermon will be delivered by Br. L. C. Browne.

DELEGATES—*Hartford Association*, T. P. Abell, A. L. Loveland, J. J. Twiss, (clerical); J. B. Clark, Poquonock. O. Utley, Middletown, J. S. Rice, Hartford, Truman Allen, Granby, Wheelock Thayer, Winstead, J. B. Carpenter, Berlin, (lay.)

Quinnebaug Association, T. Borden 2d., T. J. Greenwood, D. P. Livermore, (clerical); Wm. Kelly, Chas. Tracy, Norwich, M. B. Harvey, Stafford, D. A. Redfield, New London, J. Clarke, Lebanon, A. Smith, Bolton, (lay.)

Southern Association, S. S. Fletcher, G. Glover, T. Elliot, (clerical); I. Ambler, Danbury, D. J. Northrop, Newtown, H. Dikeman, Stratford, S. H. Keeler, Westport, J. C. Peck, Bridgeport, B. J. Dashman, Stamford, (lay.)

Per order, W. A. STICKNEY, Stand. Clerk.

CONN. UNIVERSALIST SABBATH SCHOOL EXCURSION.

At the meeting of the Connecticut Universalist Sabbath School Association, held in Middletown, August 25th, 1847, the following Resolution was adopted:

"*Resolved*, that it would, in our opinion, promote the interests of Sunday Schools, to have a Union Excursion and Pic-nic party, somewhere on Long Island, during the next Summer, at which time the Schools at Hartford, Norwich, Bridgeport, Stamford, New London, Middletown, Somers, and other places in the State, might mutually congratulate each other; and that three persons be appointed by each Congregation or Sunday School, to be a Committee of Arrangements to carry into effect this Resolution.

"Rev. L. C. Browne was appointed a Committee to correspond with the Superintendents of the various schools in relation to the proposed excursion."

"Rev. W. A. Stickney was appointed a Committee to select and prepare a suitable place for the Pic-nic to be held."

The Superintendents of the Sabbath Schools named in the above resolution, are requested to have immediate action taken upon this subject, in the Schools or Congregations with which they are respectively connected, and communicate the result (post paid) to Rev. W. A. Stickney, Middletown, Conn., that he may be able to report at the next meeting of our State S. S. Association, to be held at Stamford, on the 24th inst.

L. C. BROWNE.

Norwich, August 17, 1848.

HUDSON RIVER ASSOCIATION.

The annual session of the Hudson River Association of Universalists, for 1848, will be held in the city of Hudson, the first Wednesday and following Thursday (6th and 7th) of September. The Council will convene Wednesday morning at nine o'clock, and public services commence at half past ten. Br. Davis was appointed to preach the occasional Sermon. Br. Waggoner will deliver a discourse during the meeting, upon the subject of Sunday Schools.

It is confidently expected that every society, (as it is its duty and privilege) will be duly represented. Let us have a full delegation; and then the regular business of the session, besides many very important subjects, which it is expected will appear in the Council, will be likely to be properly done, and rightly disposed of; for "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." We hope to secure the safety by having the presence and counsel of *two delegates from each society within our bounds.* Shall we have them? Ministers and friends generally are invited to be with us, and participate in the joy of the occasion. Shall we have the pleasure, as it is our earnest desire, of greeting our ministering brethren of New York city, at this meeting?" "The south should hold not back."

J. A. ASPINWALL, *Standing Clerk.*

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. T. Elliott will preach in Weston, Ct., on the third Sunday in August, in the School House near Esquire Buckely's and in Stepney at 5 o'clock in the evening.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Blauveltville the third Sunday in August, (20th) and at Piermont in the evening.

Br. Gallager expects to preach at Parsippany, N. J., Sunday, the 27th inst., at such hours as may be appointed.

Br. Rayner will preach in Bridgeport on the 3d, and Br. Thayer on the 4th Sunday of the present month.

Br. Asher Moore will preach in the City Hall, Trenton, N. J., to-morrow, August 20. Services in the morning at 10 1-2 o'clock, and at 8 in the evening.

MARRIED.

In Brooklyn, August 8th, by Rev. O. A. Skinner, Mr. JOSEPH V. WELLINGTON to Miss FRANCES L. GAVETT, both of Boston.

In Philadelphia, by Rev. Abel C. Thomas, on Tuesday, August 1. Mr. WILLIAM H. KEICHLINE and Miss MARY CATHARINE CULP, daughter of Jacob Culp, Esq.

On Monday, August 7, by the same, Mr. FRANCIS GLEN and Miss MARIA TAYLOR.

DIED.

In Philadelphia, July 27, EDWARD EVANS, one of the returned Volunteers. Buried with military honors. Alas! who were they to *him!* The solemn dead-march of the admirable Band, told mournfully of the march of Humanity to the grave and the wail of the Widow! how sadly it touched all hearts.

At Absecom, N. J., DAVID W. GIHON, of Philadelphia, struck by lightning July 27, died 28th—remains deposited in Laurel Hill Cemetery, August 1. A very large concourse of people testified their respect for the departed, and their sympathy for the young widow and her four orphans. Heaven comfort them in their great bereavement.

In Philadelphia, July 31, WILLIAM P. LINCOLN, son of Abel Lincoln, aged 9 years.

In Kensington, August 2, THOMAS HASLAM, aged 65, for many years a respected citizen of the district.

—Funerals attended by A. C. T.